

Alcester Grammar



M.D.C.
NOBISCUM
CHRISTUS STATE.

School Record.

1929-30.

Alcester Grammar School Record.

No. 35

March 1930

EDITOR—MR. DRULLER.

Editorial.

The Spring Term, as usual, does not furnish much in the way of news for the pages of our RECORD. It is the short term of the year, and Speech Day, the outstanding event, will not have arrived until after the publication of this Magazine.

We are frequently told of the interest which readers derive from contributions to our pages by past scholars, and we try to include these as often as possible. In the present number will be found two articles by Old Scholars. Mrs. Smallwood (née K. Perks) contributes a most vivid account of her experiences in the great earthquake in New Zealand last year; while Elvins Spencer, who left us to continue his education in Canada, gives us an interesting description of his new school.

We would thank those who have sent in articles for the present number. There were considerably more than the Magazine could contain, and the task of selection has not been an easy one.

The School Register.

Valete.

*Walker, R. (VI), 1921-29.
Bryan, A. M. (V), 1925-29.
Wigley, A. C. (V), 1927-29.
Dyke, K. (IVB), 1927-29.

Pinfield, H. N. (IVB), 1926-29.
Savage, E. H. (IVB), 1927-29.
Sherwood, M. M. (IVB), 1927-29.
Blakeman, J. M. (IIIA), 1927-29.

* Prefect.

Salvete.

Bomford, M. (II).
Chatterley, A. J. (II).
Foster, W. H. (IIIB).

Ledbury, S. J. (IIIA).
Parker, G. (I).
Stiles, C. H. (IIIB).

Old Scholars Guild News.

PRESIDENT—Mr. Hall.

SECRETARY—S. Bowen.

TREASURER—R. Smith.

The Annual Winter Reunion was held in the School on the evening of Saturday, December 21st. There was a large attendance of Old Scholars, making the gathering a most successful and enjoyable one, and midnight arrived all too quickly. As usual, dancing occupied the larger part of the evening, and the Reunion closed with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

But it was not dancing alone that provided the entertainment, for immediately after the supper interval an amusing farce, "Too Clever by Half" (arranged by E. Bunting), was presented. This little play had been acted twice in the past at School concerts, and an added interest was given to it on this occasion by the parts being taken as far as possible by the same Old Scholars who had taken them when at School. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed the play, which provoked much laughter. The cast was as follows:—

Sir Giles	- - -	E. A. Finnemore.
Miss Burgess Hill	- - -	S. Harris.
P.C. Tipstaff	- - -	E. Bunting.
M. Denarius	- - -	R. H. R. Jephcott.
Howard Foster	- - -	J. S. C. Wright.
Sharp	- - -	S. Bowen.
Flat	- - -	E. Bowen.
Miss Werdy	- - -	C. Bunting.

Act 1. Sir Giles' Study.

Act 2. The Garden House.

Act 3. Sir Giles' Study.

At the business meeting the balance sheet for the year 1928-29 was presented and adopted. There was a short discussion as to the holding of further Guild dances.

On Saturday, December 14th, a football match was played between the School and a team of Old Boys. The Old Boys won by 12 goals to 1. The following (ten only) comprised the Old Boys' team: P. Sutton, A. E. Finnemore, F. Bunting, J. Masters, C. Bunting, W. Parker, F. Rook, P. Finnemore, E. Bowen, N. Staff.

A hockey match was played against the School XI. on Saturday, March 8th, resulting in a victory for the Old Scholars by 5 goals to 2. The Old Girls' team was as follows:—D. Sisam, J. Finnemore, K. Bomford, O. Lane, W. Skinner, I. Ison, M. Bomford, A. Lloyd, B. Bomford, G. Ainge, V. Finnemore.

We are pleased to hear that H. T. Lester has been elected Associate of the Institute of Chemistry.

P. Harris (scholar 1922-26) sailed on March 7th to take up work in Canada.

Birth.

On March 4th, at Redditch, to Mr. and Mrs. C. Brown—a daughter.

Marriage.

On December 21st, at Headless Cross, Geoffrey Pollard Baylis (scholar 1915-23) to Muriel Gregory.

The New Zealand Earthquake.

The morning of Monday, June 17th, was typical of a New Zealand winter—glorious blue sky, no wind, and, after the sun had been shining a few hours, it was as warm as an early summer day at home. About 7.20 I felt a slight earthquake shock; it was too small to be felt out of doors, and, as I had experienced several of these minor shocks, I did not take any notice. Everything was perfectly normal, not giving the slightest warning of the ordeal which was to follow.

At 10.20 my husband and I were both in the house, when we heard the rumble which always precedes an earthquake. When it began it was just a slight one; but we could feel it gradually becoming stronger, and so we went into the garden. The houses being wooden, there is little danger from them, but as there is always the chance of the brick chimneys falling, it is wiser to get away from any buildings. Every second the movement was becoming stronger, until the ground was rolling under us, just like the waves of the sea. Everywhere we looked was this wave-like appearance of the ground, while the trees appeared to be dancing a jig. We could not see the mountains, but those who could said that they swayed against the sky in an extraordinary manner. Our dogs were terrified, and dashed backwards and forwards, and at last crouched at our feet whining pitifully.

The house was rocking, and as we watched the movements of the chimneys we could see the light through cracks between the bricks, and every moment expected to hear them come crashing down. The movement of the ground gave me a terrible feeling of sickness; this was experienced by many people. To add to the horror, there was the dull roar of the earthquake and the crash of things falling.

Gradually the movement became less, and then re-started with added intensity. At last it ceased, and then followed a terrifying deathly stillness, no breath of wind and not the slightest sound—even the birds and insects were dumb. The actual earthquake lasted about three minutes, but to us it seemed a lifetime, and we were left feeling utterly exhausted.

We went into the house to find the floors strewn with things which had been thrown down. All thought of work had left us, and we decided to find out what damage had been done to neighbouring houses. Most houses had their chimneys down, and we heard of store-rooms and china cupboards completely wrecked. As we walked we occasionally felt the shuddering tremble of the earth, and still the deathly stillness continued. Gradually the atmosphere became normal, and, although we felt numerous shocks during the remainder of the day, we all imagined that the experience was over. Instead of this, it had only just begun. Before night the fine weather had vanished and pouring rain had started, which kept on all the week and made things worse. As soon as darkness came the tremors increased in violence, and the night which followed was indescribable. The shakes averaged thirty to the hour all night. This meant that the movement of one had scarcely ceased before the rumble of the next started. Daybreak brought a little peace, and all that day it was much more quiet; sometimes there would be an hour between shakes, sometimes only a few minutes. This continued all the week—moderately quiet in daytime, but heavy shakes at night.

Then we began to hear news of other places, and realised how fortunate we had been. Murchison, which is about sixty miles up country, was the centre of the disturbance, and was completely wrecked. Families living in the Lower Marnia were shut off, and no news could be got. The road to Murchison had gone, and no help could be sent. We heard of a man who saw his home, in which were his wife and children, engulfed by a landslide and buried under thousands of tons of debris, and of a woman who saw her husband buried beneath falling rocks as he tried to get to her. The Buller River was blocked by tremendous landslides, and a huge lake was forming, which, if it broke its banks, would wash Westport completely away. Newspapers at home had headings of "Screaming women and children," etc. This was the cruellest libel that was ever printed. The bravery of those people who went through that week

of unspeakable terror was heroic. By the end of the week most of the people from the Murchison district had been taken to Nelson, because the formation of the country is such that it is particularly dangerous during such a disturbance.

During that week we did nothing but wait about, because every slight tremor that started made us think, "Is this a bad one and the end?" We had hardly slept all the week, and by Saturday night were so tired that we did sleep, only to be wakened at 3.30 by the rumble of a heavy shake. This was the worst we had had since the first bad one; the house swayed and rattled, and the bed rocked like a hammock. Three minutes later came another shock of equal intensity, and at 6.30 another; and then things settled down a little. The days were fairly quiet, and the tremors at night were slighter and less frequent. This continued for three more weeks, and then, exactly four weeks after the big earthquake, we had two more shocks of equal intensity to those felt on the Sunday. Since then we have only had what we consider minor shakes, but people at home would speak of them as "terrifying earthquakes." For five months we had them almost every day and night, and even now, seven months later, we are not surprised to feel a heavy tremor.

It was a horrible and nerve-racking time, and only those who went through it can imagine what it was like, and at the time I would have given everything to have missed it. Now that it is a thing of the past, and the horror and strain considerably dimmed, I am extremely glad that I went through the experience.

K. S.

Good Intentions.

I am a fox-terrier and my name is Jinks. One day as I was walking along the road with my master, I met my old enemy, Peter the Pup, who immediately began jeering at me. I answered back as well as I could, but he started to run round me and then bit my tail, and like a whirlwind I flashed round and dug my teeth into his nose. My master, on seeing us, gave Peter a sharp flick with his cane, picked me up and carried me home, where I was severely chastised for this offence. After a miserable day, spent in a loathsome wood shed I began to make some good resolutions.

The first was this: Never to fight again—in the streets at least—and to take no notice of that wretched Peter if I should by chance meet him again. The second was: That I would never again worry Cook by asking her for bones—

in short—that I would be a perfect, living example of what a model dog should be.

The next day I woke up early, at about 9 o'clock, and thought I would pop round to the butcher's for the meat—a thing that I was accustomed to do with my master accompanying me. I dashed off as quickly as I could and arrived at the butcher's in due time. He received me with what I thought to be a great lack of cordiality, considering the good deed I was doing, and after I had vainly endeavoured to explain to him why I was there and what I required, he lost patience and drove me into the street with a broomstick.

I wandered down the street, trying to reason with myself as to whether I had done right or wrong, but suddenly I heard a growl close behind me. I turned round and behold! there was my inveterate enemy, Peter the Pup! I was about to spring on him, when suddenly I remembered my good resolution. I thrust aside the temptation which assailed me and walked resolutely on. He pursued me with great enjoyment, jeering and laughing with short sharp barks the while. Then I could bear it no longer, and turning, I sprang on to him with a snarl!

After struggling for a while I got the upper hand, but alas! my triumph was short-lived, for a bucket of water which was thrown over us drenched me to the skin. I slunk home a wretched, pitiable object and—but I will draw a veil over the next few scenes.

Now all you dogs, listen to a word of advice from an experienced friend! If you make good resolutions, keep them; but if you cannot keep them, don't make any at all.

H. M. C.

My Canadian School.

Your Editor has very kindly asked me to write an article on the above title, so I shall do the best I can. In Canada each Province has its own school system, so they vary in different Provinces, but I shall write about the school I attend in Ottawa, in the Province of Ontario.

The schools are divided into lower and upper schools, the former being called Public Schools and the latter High Schools or Collegiate Institutes. The Public Schools have the first eight years and the High Schools the last five years, the fifth year being equivalent to the first year in the University. The Collegiate Institute I attend is called Lisgar Collegiate, as it is situated on Lisgar Street, named after Lord Lisgar, a former Governor-General. It

is a grey stone building, erected in 1874, and added to in 1907. There are class rooms, a gymnasium for the girls and one for the boys, several laboratories for physics, chemistry and biology, an assembly hall about as large as the picture house in Alcester, and the teachers' rooms and office.

There are about 850 pupils in attendance, 28 teachers, and a secretary. There are eight first forms, six second forms, five third forms, four fourth forms, and one fifth form. All the divisions of the different forms do not take the same subjects. Some of the forms take teachers' courses, while others take a matriculation course.

Besides the sciences and mathematics, we have British, Canadian (ancient and modern) History, and five languages are taught—Greek, Latin, French, German and Spanish. Of course, we do not take all these subjects; we take either science and two languages, or three languages without science.

Each form has a list of books, under the following headings, posted in their rooms:—Fiction, Biography and History, Travels, Essay and Miscellaneous, Poetry and Drama. One book from each section must be read, and a summary made. Three books a year are studied in class for English Literature, and one book is always a play of Shakespeare. The three I am studying this year are: "Merchant of Venice," Macaulay's "Life of Lord Clive," and Washington Irving's "Sketch Book."

We have about two weeks' holidays at Christmas, ten days at Easter, and two months for the summer (beginning the first of July).

We have an annual school concert, repeated on two evenings, and we have field days with other schools in this city or elsewhere at different times during the year.

We have a school magazine, "Vox Lycei," issued annually. It contains photographs, stories, poems, jokes, stories in French, cartoons, etc. By having many city advertisements it is possible to sell it at about a quarter the price it would otherwise be.

There is a junior and senior lyceum at the meetings of which each form takes a turn in providing entertainment of singing, dancing, recitations, plays, etc.

Our daily routine is much the same as yours. We go into the assembly room just before nine o'clock. The orchestra, composed of pupils, plays; then the Principal reads a passage of the Bible and repeats the Lord's Prayer. The words of a song are flashed on a screen, and we sing it.

The announcements are then made, and we leave for our class rooms.

Our day is divided into eight periods, four being forty-minute periods and four thirty-minute periods. We have an hour and a half for lunch, and are dismissed at three-thirty.

In connection with the School we have many sports. In the autumn we play rugby; in the winter indoor basket ball and ice hockey; in the late winter we do boxing and apparatus work; in the spring track and field work, including pole vaulting, javelin throwing and running; and in the summer base ball. As it is a large School, one has to be very good in athletics to get into the School teams. Also connected with the School is a cadet corps.

Our School colours are blue and grey, and our School motto is "Alere Flamman."

E. Y. SPENCER.

Luxury.

*"Skies without clouds are rare,
but for the few."*

On this warm June day, however, the sky was one of the rarer kind, and it was not until late in the afternoon that even a white halcyon floated across that wide expanse of azure. Towards evening, nevertheless, the sky began to wrinkle its brows and it was not long before dark clouds appeared. Gradually the sky became grey, a grey "full of meditation and discomfort," and soon rain began to fall. Life, a man in the prime of his days, began to work on this June day, long before the sun had risen. All through the day he had toiled, toiled with his spade and hoe, and even as the rain fell, even in the twilight he continued his labours. As he worked he grew tired, and as he grew tired he thought of luxury. He wondered if he knew what luxury really meant, and he decided that he did not. His life to him was a round of monotony, a sleeping, an eating, a working and a struggle against tremendous odds. Thoughts kindle thoughts, thoughts bring desires. This man thought of luxury and though he did not understand its meaning he wanted it.

Although heralded by a very angry sky, the storm was only a short one—just a sun shower, that was all. After the rain, as Life, associating himself with his thoughts, glanced at the sky, he saw a rainbow, and also a fair lady sliding down the bow. He watched until at last she seemed to have reached the earth and then he banished her

from his mind and continued to dig. But the sight still lived before his eyes and he could not forget the beautiful damsel. Continuing to do his work, he thought, and he thought of the lady. Suddenly, quite suddenly he stopped. He was listening. It was a still small voice, and it said:

"I am the goddess of luxury, fair sir, and I am called Luxury. Some time ago I came down the rainbow, and since then I have been travelling in your mind. To-night I will meet you in your dreams and I will take you through my realms."

Darkness came. Life had to leave his task and went to bed. Morning came, and he wondered where he was, for during the night he had visited Luxury's kingdom. Still he remembered Luxury, a goddess fairer than Venus, dressed in robes so magnificent that she dazzled his eyes. Her glittering jewels, her golden hair, her voice, sweeter than the nightingale's song, would always remain in his mind. He had tasted the wine of the gods, and he felt like Apollo when Daphne ran away, for he had fallen in love with Luxury. Where had he been with this fair goddess, he asked himself. Had he really been in the realms of Luxury? Had he really dined with her? Yes! Still the scene was vivid; the elegance of the palace! those golden floors! those fountains! those gardens! that feast! Yes, there in the palace of Luxury, life seemed different. Necessity was a slave. There was an excess of pleasure, for who could be unhappy in the same house with Luxury? There was only one that Life could remember, who seemed to be unhappy, and that was shy Necessity, the slave. Life scorned Necessity, a plain brown girl, not beautiful, not ugly, but quite the opposite to Luxury. Luxury seemed selfish in the mind of Necessity, who thought that such an excess of riches ought to be divided amongst such people as Need and Poverty. To Luxury such a belief seemed dull. Luxury thought only of herself and Life followed her example.

As Life thought, these things seemed as a dream, but he felt he knew what luxury really was, and he knew also, that he had fallen in love with her. Days followed, some hot, some cold, and Life continued to work in the field, but as he worked Luxury was always before his eyes; it was as if "once seen, never forgotten." He longed for her; he prayed for her, but still she did not come; she was selfish and Life had been but a plaything to her; she was soon tired of her toy, and now she had thrown it away. Months

followed, years followed, until at last, Life began to think of Necessity; he even began to consider Luxury in another light, and he began to agree with Necessity. There had been a crisis in Life's career; he had caught a glimpse of Luxury and was a different man. He felt like a schoolboy, who having left school was just entering the wide, wide world. Like the school boy he had passed a crisis in his life, and he realised that he was a changed man. His lady had deserted him, and he felt a need. Now he was old, and he did wish that he had never seen Luxury, in fact, he had a sort of desire that he had fallen in love instead with plain brown Necessity.

M. H.

A Visit to a Cinema.

As I raced down the dusty lane off the main road toward a local cinema, I passed streams of people. There were old men, complete with stick, pipe and hobbling gait; old dames hugging umbrellas and jabbering to each other as they went. There were married couples, single men and women, and last but not least, all the youths of the neighbourhood. These were engaged in telling each other what they saw last week, and in making as much noise as they possibly could about it. All these people had the same goal in mind, the cinema.

At the entrance to this popular place of amusement a large crowd had already gathered. They discussed the topics of the day with each other and read what newspapers were available by the light of the overhead electric bulbs. Having played one football match that day, I refrained from joining the crush, which, when the doors were opened, looked like the seething mass of a Rugby "scrum." Why people ever patronise football matches, when there is a cinema near I cannot imagine. They have only to "queue up" and then rely on their powers in pushing and jostling, in order to take part in a first-rate match.

After spending some time watching the engines making electric light for the concern, I ventured again from the rear of the building to the main entrance. By this time, however, the crowd had all got in and only a few stragglers like myself presented themselves before the box office grid.

Taking my newly-purchased ticket, I carefully pushed open the large swing doors and entered the cinema proper. Inside, all was as black as a pit, but a hand immediately gripped my arm and a voice said "Tickets, please," and being able to produce the required article, I was left to find a seat. How does a cat see in the dark? Needless to say I

cannot explain from experience, and in order to find a seat I had to resort to other means than sight. Knowing from previous visits that the seats ran parallel to each other and to the screen, I ought to have been able to find my way, at any rate to some seat by means of not very complicated geometry. However, at that moment no screen was visible; only a drone of voices and rows of faint lights told me that I was in a cinema and not in bed, where by rights I should have been. "Better be born lucky than rich" is an old saying, and I found it as true as ever, for some person unknown showed me to a seat with an electric torch, and just then, of course, on came the lights. Could I help the place being in darkness? Yet all the people stared at me as though I was a lunatic, and I soon came to the same conclusion myself for taking any notice of such good natured fools.

At last the film started, ten minutes late, thanks to our mutual friends the operator and his mechanic; needless to say these two were responsible for the darkness and delay. Can I describe those two hours at the cinema? No! not if I lived to be a hundred. I had the cramp, a splitting headache and a feverish temperature, combined with toothache and a touch of the "flu." Soon the screen became a blurr, I tried to sleep, but in real first-class cinemas this is not allowed, because one's neighbours alternately dig their elbows into your ribs and put their knees into your back. Aroused thus from my attempt to slumber, I looked longingly at the clock in the corner, which told me I had still an hour to wait or else I must go before the end.

I decided upon the latter course, but as fortune would have it, I found myself in the middle of a row of exceptionally large personages, too large to get past. Perforce I must stay where I was or rouse my neighbours, and this I dared not do. The place was filled with cigarette smoke which came from the rows of lights already mentioned; my neighbours ate sweets, nuts and chocolates, and I have a faint recollection of fish and chips, but I may be wrong. Certainly they talked politics, dresses, shopping, pictures, motoring, and a host of other things. I was pleased at one thing, however, they left me severely out of their conversations.

"God Save the King." Up I got like a soldier—pardon me, I mean a drunken sailor—collected my attire and without waiting this time, joined in the rush for the door. Here I automatically bought an "Argus," and having found out that the Villa had won, fled once more for home.

Passing a fish and chip saloon on the way I passed certain remarks to myself about the proprietor and his clients, and I wager their ears burned. Since it was late and there was no one about I set a record time for the distance home, dashed straight to bed and flinging myself down, expired. Despite all this, however, I awoke in the morning unusually well, and, putting my recovery down to the cinema, I solemnly resolved to go there weekly.

F. W. H.

Notes and News.

At the end of last term hockey colours were awarded to R. Walker.

The new girl captains of the Tomtits are N. Holder (Games) and P. Carratt (Arts and Crafts).

The Games Subscription this term amounted to £5 12s. 5d.

The School-leaving Scholarship for 1929 has been awarded to Partridge.

Half-term was Monday, March 3rd.

A hearty welcome is extended to Miss Smith, who joined the staff at the beginning of the term.

Through the girls' gymnastic display, arranged by Miss Barrett in December, our funds benefited to the amount of £5 2s. 10½d.

R. Walker obtained a pass in the Oxford School Certificate Examination, held in December, gaining a distinction in English.

Nearly £4 was collected by the Scouts on their carol-singing venture at Christmas time.

Speech Day has been arranged for Thursday, April 3rd.

Stone Circles.

In studying the history of our country, we are apt to ignore the fact that more than a hundred thousand years ago our island was inhabited by the "Old Stone Men," who left their implements in "Kent's Cavern"; we are apt to forget the "New Stone Age," the period after the "Glacial Age," when a Turanian Stock came; we are apt to neglect the "Bronze Age," commencing about 2000 B.C., but merely state that at the time of the Roman Invasion this land was inhabited by "Britons," referring to the Celts of the Iron Age who invaded at the comparatively recent date of 500-200 B.C., and who had to some extent intermarried with the older races.

Nevertheless, this past age has left us a few very interesting relics such as the Gaelic and Welsh languages which still survive; and we have certain monuments—chiefly of religious origin, which seem to indicate Sun-Worship.

The Rollright Stones.

Near Little Rollright, on the North Cotswold Hills, stands what is probably the most ancient circle in Britain. It dates back to the latter part of the "New Stone Age," thus being contemporary with "Wayland Smith's Cave" on the Berkshire Downs.

Rollright is a perfect circle consisting of rough unhewn stones varying in height from three to ten feet. There was originally an altar stone at the centre of the circle, at some distance from which stands a gigantic upright stone—the "King Stone"—a weird stone which seems to contort itself into all kinds of shapes as you approach it, especially if the light is dim. This stone is said to be due North of the centre of the circle. Towards the East stands a group of stones known as the "Whispering Knights." Over this group the sun rises on the summer solstice.

If, when you go to Rollright you are fortunate enough to meet some native of that part, he will be willing to tell you the numerous legends connected with the stones. He will tell you of the worship of the Heavenly bodies by the old tribes and how a maiden, dressed in white, was, every year, led at dawn from the "Whispering Knights," and was sacrificed on the altar stone as the sun rose on the longest day.

As is common in such cases, legends of a much later date have been associated with the stones. The chief of these claims the stones to have been of Saxon origin! It is told how five knights plotted with a witch, whom they asked to rid them of their king so that one of them might be promoted. The witch met the king, on the ridge above Long Compton; she told him to take three paces and said:

"If Long Compton thou canst see,
King of all England thou shalt be."

But the king had descended from the ridge and could no longer see the village on the other side—so the witch turned him to stone—and the knights, too!

Another tale is told of how the stones can never be counted as they cannot all be seen at once. A bright baker once determined to count them, so early one morning he started out and put a new loaf on each stone, counting the number

of loaves. Unfortunately, he always found one stone without a loaf!

Stonehenge.

High on the Wiltshire Downs stands the most recent, originally most perfect and best known of all the stone circles in England. Everyone is familiar, at any rate, with pictures of Stonehenge; so its structure need not be discussed here.

On astronomical grounds, Stonehenge has been dated at about 1700 B.C. In all probability the circle was built as a place of worship, *not* by the Druids, who lived at a much later date, but who very likely did worship there.

The upright "Sarsen" Stones are called after the Saracens because Saracen at one time stood for anything antagonistic to Christianity.

The "Hele Stone" marks the rising of the sun on the longest day (from the altar stone) and two other stones outside the earthworks mark its rising on the shortest, and setting on the longest day.

The "Hele Stone" or "Friar's Heel" may be a relic of Stone Worship, but a legend is told of how the devil came to earth and determined to take some stones from a garden in Ireland to Salisbury Plain. He eventually got the permission of their owner, an old woman, to take them, by promising her as much money as she could count while he was packing them up, but she only managed to add the values of two coins! The devil flew off with them tied on his back but tiring, dropped one in the river at Bulford, where it lies to-day. On Salisbury Plain, while building the circle he chuckled to himself and said that no one would ever know how the stones came there. A passing friar replied, "That's more than thee can tell," but on finding out to whom he spoke he turned and fled, the devil hurling after him a huge stone which hit his uplifted heel. The holy friar escaped unharmed, leaving an impression of his heel on the stone!

Penmaenmawr.

The latest stone circle on the mainland of our island is that on the mountain top at Penmaenmawr. The circle is close to the Menai Straits, and was built by the Druids when retreating to Anglesey at the time of the Roman invasion. The circle is comparatively small, is irregular and consists of local stones of varying sizes. As far as I can find out there is no legendary lore attached to this circle unless it can only be told in Welsh!

Stone circles are a very interesting topic; they serve to remind us of the past, and even make us wonder if our "rude forefathers" had as little mechanism as is commonly supposed.

E. R. C. J.

Olla Podrida.

There is nothing like suspense to increase interest. Thus a budding mathematician of IIIb states: "A degree is a is is a part of an inch."

Cotton, says G.B., is made in York because the wet winds help in drying it.

"The animals of South America," says H., "are all right." Now we know all about them.

Pampas is an animal that is a queer shape, remarks M.S.

Animals which live in the prairies, writes M.B., do not live long in winter because it is too cold. They are killed mostly in summer before they get there.

An Introduction to a Story.

It was an old farmhouse, there was no denying the fact. The weather-beaten grey stone, of which it was built, was scaling away, the beams were rotting, and the opening at the front between the two empty windows held no signs of ever having possessed a door. The chimney pot had long since fallen in through the roof, leaving a gaping hole and a few scattered tiles to show that it had once existed.

Inside the sign of age was as much marked as outside. Notwithstanding the undisputed circulation of fresh air, coming through the hole in the roof and through the empty door and window frames, the whole place had a musty smell. The floor boards were eaten away by rats and mice, though what these animals could live on in this forgotten derelict of a house is known only to themselves.

On any weight being put on the wooden stairs, such as a person mounting them, they creaked and groaned in angry protest at any disturbance thus breaking their long sleep.

The ironwork of the firegrates upstairs was nearly rusted through, and covered with stone blocks from the chimney. In one room there was—of all things—a handkerchief hanging from a rusty nail, a small piece of fabric once gaudily coloured, but now, alas! faded. It had seen its best days, this handkerchief, and was now doomed to hang on a rusty nail, and perhaps, when found by the rats, to form a nest for some of these young rodents.

Outside was sunshine, inside was gloom, as if the ruins brooded on their past; in fact, the whole place had an eerie stillness.

It seemed strange that such a place as this, the ruined farmhouse, should be situated in such a cheerful country scene, where spring had just arrived; but, notwithstanding this beauty of scenery, a stranger would be glad to turn his back on the place.

W. S.

[Will some subscriber write a story to which the above forms an introduction?—Ed.]

The Reference Library.

The following books have been added to the Reference Library this term:—

"Tamburlaine and Dr. Faustus" (Marlowe); "Chief Pre-Shakespearean Dramas" (Adams); "Ralph Roister Doister" (Udall); "Growth of the English Drama" (Wynne); "Chief Elizabethan Dramatists" (Neilson); "Edmund Spenser" (Renwick); "George III. and the Constitution" (A. M. Davies); "Social Life in Britain from the Conquest to the Reformation" (Coulton); "Warren Hastings" (Lyll); "English Men and Manners in the Eighteenth Century" (Turberville); "Louis XIV." (Hassall); "Charles XII." (R. Nisbet Bain); "Lectures on Modern History" (Lord Acton); "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," 7 vols. (Lecky); "Pioneers of Science" (Sir O. Lodge); "Chemical Theory" (Professor Ramsay); "Discovery" (Sir R. Gregory); "Colloquial and Popular French" (Kastner and Marks). A. M. S.

Geography Reference Library.

Our thanks to Miss Purton for her gift of a year's numbers of the "National Geographical Magazine."

And to K. Jagger for "Human Geography," vol. 2, by Fairgrieve and Young, and "Physical Geography," by W. Maclean Carey.

Football.

CAPTAIN—Harper.

SECRETARY—Partridge.

Our football term has this term—as last—been labouring under a spell of misfortune. Since the beginning of the season injuries to players and illnesses have prevented us from selecting a team that could play together long enough to settle down into any idea of combination. The forward line particularly has suffered in this way.

The average size of the team, too, has been small, while for the most part our opponents have been up to and even above standard size. This superiority has had a depressing effect on our team, as the scores may show.

We can, however, do little but hope for the best, as we have been doing for the last two terms, if not with very gratifying results, and solace ourselves with the thought that the School has had better seasons; and we fervently trust that it will again.

The following boys have represented the School this season:—Harper, Wigley, Ison, Sherwood i., Sherwood ii., Bailey, Hodgkinson i., Plevin, Lloyd, Horton, Sheppard, Chattaway, Baylis i., White, Hodgkinson ii., Partridge, Styler, Bradley, Wilshaw, Warner, Savage i., Chambers.

The following are the results to date:—

A.G.S. v. Old Henricians A.F.C. (home)	...	lost	0—7
v. Waverley Road S.S. (away)	0—6
v. Birmingham University "B" (home)	4—6
v. Bromsgrove S.S. (away)	0—15
v. Old Scholars' XI. (home)	1—12
v. Waverley Road S.S. (home)	0—8
v. Redditch S.S. (away)	0—12
v. Chipping Campden G.S. (home)	0—8
v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away)	0—17
v. Stratford Unity F.C. (away)	1—4

The following sides matches have been played this term:

Brownies (4) v. Jackals (2).

Tomtits (4) v. Jackals (0).

W. A. P.

Hockey.

CAPTAIN—R. Jackson.

SECRETARY—L. Earp.

There has been a marked improvement in the combination of our First Eleven this term, probably due to the amount of practice which the fine weather has allowed us. The results up to date have been quite good, comparing favourably with previous years. Of the five matches played, two have been won, two lost, and one drawn.

Our Second Eleven and Junior team have also improved, and the matches played with Evesham P.H.G.S. were keenly contested.

We should like to thank those boys who have helped us in home matches by putting up the nets.

The following girls have represented the First Eleven regularly:—R. Bunting, R. Walker, N. Holder, B. Aldred, R. Jackson, M. Skinner, L. Smith, W. Wright, L. Earp, M. Lane, V. Wright, B. Greenhill; and in some matches— I. Davis, C. Carratt, E. Ison, J. Bourne, M. Hicks, M. Sheppard.

Results:—

1st XI. v. Bromsgrove S.S. (home), won 1—0.

v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), drawn 1—1.

v. Redditch S.S. (home), won 8—1.

v. Chipping Campden G.S. (away), lost 1—5.

v. Old Scholars (home), lost 2—5.

2nd XI. v. Evesham P.H.G.S. 2nd XI. (home), lost 0—2.

Juniors v. Evesham P.H.G.S. Juniors (home), drawn 5—5.

L. M. M. E.

E. R. C. J.

The Musical Society.

The last number of the Magazine was printed too early to admit of a report of the Scandinavian Meeting held at the end of the last term, when Mr. and Mrs. Bert Meyer, and Miss Killingmo, of Birmingham, provided a very interesting entertainment. The programme was a departure from the usual style, since it consisted of a lecture given by Mr. Meyer, on "Norway and her Music"—illustrated by lantern slides, depicting scenes from the lives of the Norwegians, and by very delightful songs and piano solos rendered by Mrs. Meyer and Miss Killingmo respectively.

The first gathering of the Society this term was held on Tuesday, February 3rd, when three programmes of miscellaneous music were provided by the Tomtits, Jackals, and Brownies respectively. The meeting was an enjoyable one, and the items, both vocal and instrumental, were creditably performed.

A very interesting meeting took place on March 4th, when Mrs. Sheldon, of Birmingham, who three years ago gave a lecture-recital here on "Irish Folk Music," paid us a second visit—her subject this time being "Folk Songs of Many Lands." In her talk at the beginning of the programme, Mrs. Sheldon gave a brief outline of the rise and characteristics of folk music in general, showing how geographical and climatic conditions have an influence upon national song; and afterwards she sang many beautiful

examples from the folk music of England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, France, Germany, Hungary, Poland, Italy, Spain, China and Persia. This meeting was thoroughly enjoyed. The Committee have arranged for another meeting to be held towards the end of the term.

The session has, on the whole, been a successful one, as the number of members has been satisfactory and the meetings have generally been attended by large and appreciative audiences of members and friends.

Stamp Club.

Secretary—R. JACKSON.

At the only formal meeting of the Stamp Club held so far this term, the members present were much interested in the sets, including those of the Postal Union Congress, the Bahama Tercentenary Celebration Stamps and the reprinted Newfoundland issue, which were exhibited by Mr. Druller.

The fortnightly meetings for exchange of duplicates, to which IVs have been admitted, have proved both popular and successful in helping to enlarge collections.

E. R. C. J.

Scouts.

This Term, the Scouts have been undergoing strenuous work. A table of work has been set out, and each week the Patrol Leaders have been trying to teach their patrols something useful.

A small band of Scouts went carol singing with Mr. Walker on December 23rd, 24th and 26th, to Great Alne, Bidford and Alcester respectively. We do not know whether the listeners did, but the singers enjoyed the outings very much, partly owing to the thoughtful householders who provided some excellent refreshments. The splendid total of over £3 10s. was obtained by the singers.

The flute players have been improving gradually in their playing. E. Bunting kindly takes the boys once a week, but unfortunately there has been a slight falling off in attendance lately. It is to be hoped that those who started will keep it up and help to get the band going as soon as possible.

Although we have been working so hard, time has been found to enjoy a competition each week, and the following

points have been gained by the patrols up to date:—
Kangaroos 265, Eagles 235, Peacocks 230, Woodpigeons 200,
Foxes 165, Owls 150, Peewits 140.

P. L. EAGLE.

For the Juniors.

The Magic Carpet.

Once upon a time there lived a fairy, and she was very rich. She bought a palace of gold. And one day a little elfin brought a carpet to the palace—it was a magic carpet.

The elfin came rap-a-tap at the door. The fairy came and opened it.

The fairy said, "Come in."

And the elfin said, "Thank you," and walked inside.

"What a lovely palace you have," said the elfin.

"Do you like it?" said the fairy.

"Yes, very much. I have brought a magic carpet," said the elfin.

The fairy was very impatient to see the carpet, and just then the elfin opened it. Oh! how the fairy jumped in excitement.

"But what would happen if I trod on it?" said the fairy.

"Ah-ha!" said the elfin, "that's the fun of it." And just then the elfin put it down.

"Now tread on it," said the elfin.

The fairy did so, and what do you think happened? The most lovely dresses, covered with silver stars, and sparkling shoes and silver stockings appeared.

The elfin went away, and just as he was walking down the garden path the fairy slipped on a sparkling frock and shoes. Oh! how delighted she was. She called to the elfin, and he came back. She looked so beautiful that he said:

"If you will marry me you shall have the magic carpet to keep."

They were married, and that is the end of my story.

E. HOUGH (FORM I.).

The Magic Pancake.

Once upon a time there lived a poor man and his wife. It was pancake day, and the woman was making some pancakes. She tossed one so high that it stuck to the ceiling. When she tried to get the pancake she made a little hole, and a lot of money came through the little hole—such a lot of money that they were never poor again.

WALTERS II. (FORM IB).

ALCESTER:
THE CHRONICLE OFFICE,
HIGH STREET.
